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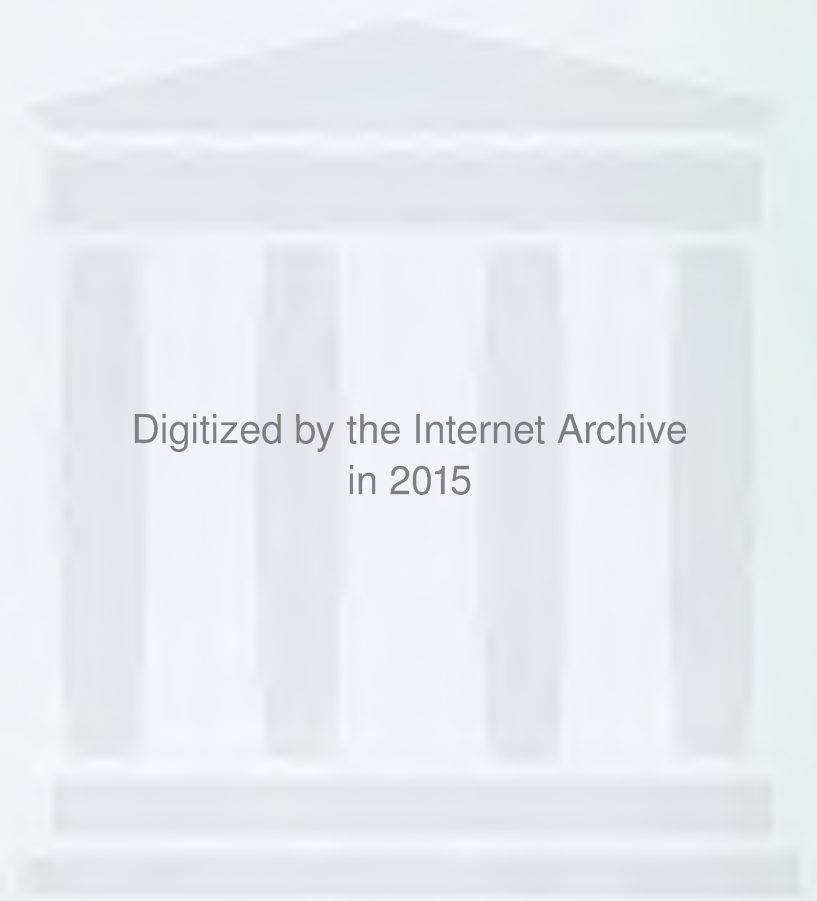
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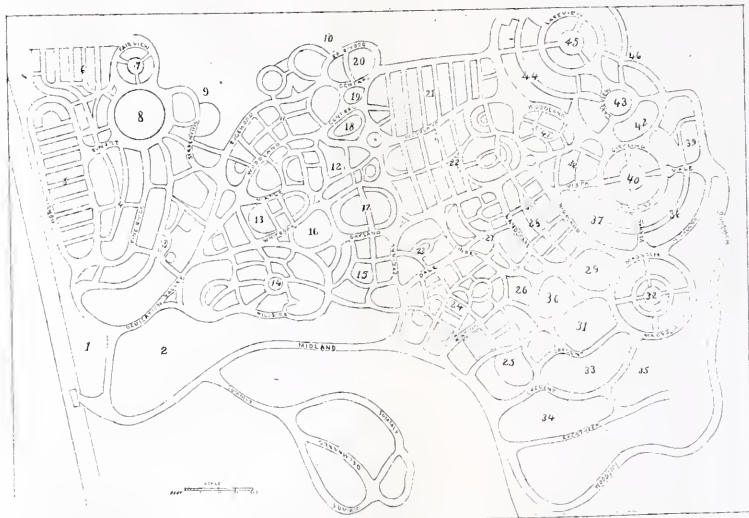
HISTORY
OF
OAKWOOD CEMETERY,

BY H. P. SMITH.



ILLUSTRATED.

SYRACUSE:
H. P. SMITH & CO., PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.
1871.



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SUMNER.

PINE RIDGE AVENUE.





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SMITH, H. PERRY

History of Oakwood cemetery, illustrated.
Syracuse (N.Y.) H.P. Smith and co., 1871.

89 p. illus., 22 engraved plates,
map (laid in). 22 cm.

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ENGRAVERS,
Bureau of Illustration,
Buffalo, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHERS,
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Syracuse, N. Y.

BINDER,
Jacob Miller,
Syracuse.









“COME to these scenes of peace,
Where to foliage whispering,
The sweet birds all the Summer sing!
Where cares, and toil, and sadness cease!
Stranger, dost thy heart deplore
Friends whom thou wilt see no more?
Does thy wounded spirit prove
Pangs of hopeless, severed love?
Thee the trees that whisper here,—
Thee the birds that carol near,
Shall soothe, as silent thou dost lie
And dream of their sweet lullaby.
Come, rest amid these scenes of peace,
Where cares, and toil, and sadness cease.”

Doubtless to Gen. E. W. Leavenworth, John F. Wilkin-
son, and the late Hamilton White, materially aided in the
end by Hon. A. C. Powell, more than to any other persons,
belongs the credit of first contemplating and agitating the

subject which culminated in the organization of the "Association of Oakwood;" and to-day, as an everlasting monument to the liberality and energy of the persons constituting that Association, there lies just without the boundaries of our lovely City, a spot possessed of peerless natural beauty, which has been greatly enhanced by years of artificial labor, whose equal can scarcely be found in America!

When this one fact, *i. e.* that our own Oakwood is pronounced by nearly every visitor, far superior in natural beauty to any burial place in the whole country, is considered, then the original idea of securing and appropriating it to its present purpose rises in importance, and its founders become objects of gratitude from every inhabitant of Syracuse, and will so remain for all time.

Among all the many natural blessings and advantages enjoyed by Syracuse, so few of which are vouchsafed to neighboring cities, prominent for its location, its beauty, and for almost everything that would help to make it a perfect resting place for our loved ones, stands rural, regal Oakwood. A mile and a half from the business center, cars running to its very doors, easy of access by carriage through various streets, what wonder that its winding aisles, the inviting shades of its unrivaled forest,—the Summer home of myriads of sweet-voiced singers and leaping squirrels,—and the thousand attractions already lavished upon it by the hand of man, serve to daily people its walks, and have made it as dear to us as our own firesides, and its every lovely feature as familiar to us as our own parlors.

To *such* a home, such a resting-place in the long and dreamless sleep, wherein we await the waking joys of

heaven, earth-wearied, we go with smiles of willingness—

“Like one who draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams,”

* * * * *

Originally Oakwood, as its name indicates, was almost an unbroken oak forest, interspersed with a few pine, ash, maple, and many hickory trees, and filled with underbrush, logs and stumps. But the many diversities of gracefully-rounded hillocks, sweeping slopes and spreading valleys, all gashed with deep ravines and long winding gullies,—serpentine walks from the hand of God,—were there, and they caught the sagacious eyes of those to whom we are so deeply indebted for its present condition, years before any steps were taken towards its purchase and improvement.

Generally speaking, the whole cemetery grounds face the west, rising with a gradual ascent to the eastern boundary on the hill-top, which completely overlooks the valley, City and lake. There is, however, a sharp, forest-covered ascent, to the southward from Midland Avenue, from the top of which the land stretches away to the south. It is this southern portion which comprises the purchase of thirty acres, made in 1869, and it shows less plainly the pleasing evidences of improvement than the older portion of the Cemetery. Many beautiful lots crowning the knolls, or reaching far down the fair lawns, have been cleared of the natural forest, except here and there a specimen of more than ordinary beauty, and their places supplied with trees, shrubs and flowers of rare varieties and foreign nature. Sprinkled thus among the deciduous trees, are seen many

symmetrical, upright cones of evergreen, their dark colors making a delightful contrast with the lighter foliage and verdure surrounding them, while they also help to relieve the dreariness of the winter landscape.

In passing up or down any of the clean avenues, there is presented to the eye at every turn, and from every point, a feast of panoramic splendor which cannot fail to charm the beholder.

Here one might dream away the Summer hours,
 His quiet thoughts creep onward softly as the tread
 Of spirit forms from sacred leafy bowers,
 Around these quiet mansions of the dead.

* * * * *

Meetings were held as early as the year 1852, having for their object the organization of an Association, and the purchase of the lands now embraced in Oakwood ; but when the important question arose,—“Who will take the lead, and attend to the thousand-and-one duties necessary to make the undertaking a success?”—no one appeared ready for the arduous task ; and so, in the immediate pursuit of other objects of greater personal interest, the whole enterprise was left to sleep for nearly five years.

In the Summer of 1857, Messrs. E. W. Leavenworth, Hamilton White, James L. Bagg, C. T. Longstreet, Lewis H. Redfield, A. C. Powell, Henry Dillaye, John Wilkinson, and others, renewed the agitation of the subject, and at one time seemed very near reaching a consummation of their plans, when the great financial revulsion of that year suddenly put the matter to rest for the second time.

But there were men in Syracuse who were determined that this question, which, they believed was so closely connected with the future welfare of Syracuse, should not die. A final and successful effort was made the following year (1858) its leaders, Messrs. E. W. Leavenworth and Hamilton White; and from that time until the Summer of 1859, they were untiring in perseverance, and unceasing in their labors for the accomplishment of their purpose. After the whole year was spent in negotiations with Plank Road Stockholders, Supervisors, Commissioners of Highways, and private individuals, on the 15th day of August, 1859, the original subscribers to the fund for the purchase of the grounds, met at the office of the Mayor, and organized the "Association of Oakwood," and elected the following named gentlemen, Trustees:—

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| HAMILTON WHITE, | ALLEN MUNROE, |
| J. P. HASKINS, | TIMOTHY R. PORTER, |
| JOHN CROUSE, | ROBERT G. WYNKOOP, |
| JOHN WILKINSON, | J. DEAN HAWLEY, |
| ARCHIBALD C. POWELL, | THOMAS G. ALVORD, |
| AUSTIN MYERS, | E. W. LEAVENWORTH. |

The following is a copy of the original Subscription Paper, with the signatures and amounts subscribed by each:—

"In case a Rural Cemetery Association shall be organized and shall purchase the premises now in contemplation, consisting of about ninety acres, belonging to Messrs. Baker and Raynor, or the twenty acres of Mr. Baker, we, the subscribers, severally agree that we will, on demand, deliver to said Association, satisfactory negotiable promissory notes, or other good satisfactory security, for the sums

set opposite our names respectively, for the purpose of defraying the cost of such land, and improving the same. Said notes or other securities to be on interest, and if amounting in the aggregate to two hundred and fifty dollars or over, they shall be payable in three equal annual installments, with interest annually, and if amounting to less than two hundred and fifty dollars, they shall be payable in eight, sixteen, and twenty-four months; said notes to be all on interest, and payable at Bank.

The amounts which we shall respectively pay on said notes, to be repaid to us respectively, with interest, by said Association, in the manner mentioned in chapter 133 of the Laws of 1847, viz:—One half, at least, of all the proceeds of the sales of lots in said Cemetery, to be divided annually, and paid over to us respectively, according to the amount of payments made by us respectively; and the price of any lot or lots which any of us may purchase in said Cemetery, will apply as so much repayment on sums paid on said notes.

This subscription not to be binding, unless at least twenty-five thousand dollars are subscribed.

In forming said Association, each of the subscribers shall be notified of the time and place of meeting, by circulars deposited in the post office at Syracuse, directed to us severally, at the place set opposite our respective names, at least three days before the meeting; and in selecting Trustees, each subscriber present at the meeting shall be entitled to a vote on each twenty-five dollars he may have subscribed hereto; the Trustees to be selected from the subscribers.

In case only the twenty acres of Mr. Baker shall be bought, then the subscriptions shall be reduced to two-fifths of their amounts, or to the sum of ten thousand dollars.

SYRACUSE, May 31, 1859.

| | | | | |
|--------------------------|---|---|---|---------|
| Horace & Hamilton White, | - | - | - | \$2,500 |
| John Crouse, | - | - | - | 1,000 |
| E. W. Leavenworth, | - | - | - | 1,000 |
| John Wilkinson, | - | - | - | 1,000 |
| C. T. Longstreet, | - | - | - | 1,000 |
| L. H. Redfield, | - | - | - | 500 |

| | | | | | |
|--------------------------|---|---|---|---|--------|
| Archibald C. Powell, | - | - | - | - | \$ 500 |
| Allen Munroe, | - | - | - | - | 1000 |
| Thomas G. Alvord, | - | - | - | - | 500 |
| Israel S. Spencer, | - | - | - | - | 500 |
| J. P. Haskin, | - | - | - | - | 500 |
| A. A. Howlett, | - | - | - | - | 300 |
| John D. Norton, | - | - | - | - | 500 |
| B. Burton, | - | - | - | - | 500 |
| Ira Gage Barnes, | - | - | - | - | 500 |
| George F. Comstock, | - | - | - | - | 500 |
| W. H. Shankland, | - | - | - | - | 500 |
| George L. Maynard, | - | - | - | - | 250 |
| Austin Myers, | - | - | - | - | 1000 |
| Joseph Seymour, | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| McDougall, Fenton & Co., | - | - | - | - | 250 |
| H. N. White, | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| C. Tallman, | - | - | - | - | 250 |
| H. B. Wilbur, | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| Curtis Moses, | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| For Mrs. Eliza Hoyt, | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| J. L. Bagg, | - | - | - | - | 250 |
| Richard Cloyde, | - | - | - | - | 50 |
| Sidney Stanton, | - | - | - | - | 250 |
| George N. Kennedy, | - | - | - | - | 250 |
| George Barnes, | - | - | - | - | 250 |
| E. T. Wright, | - | - | - | - | 250 |
| T. R. Porter, | - | - | - | - | 300 |
| Thomas B. Fitch, | - | - | - | - | 300 |
| A. C. Yates, | - | - | - | - | 250 |
| O. T. Burt, | - | - | - | - | 300 |
| J. W. Barker, | - | - | - | - | 250 |
| Charles Andrews, | - | - | - | - | 250 |
| C. B. Sedgwick, | - | - | - | - | 250 |
| H. W. Van Buren, | - | - | - | - | 300 |
| Ira H. Williams, | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| D. Pratt, | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| J. L. Cook & Sons, | - | - | - | - | 300 |
| Lyman Clary, | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| F. Wellington, | - | - | - | - | 300 |
| Clinton F. Paige, | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| Wynkoop & Brother, | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| Willard & Hawley, | - | - | - | - | 100 |

| | | | | | | |
|---------------------|---|---|---|---|---|-------|
| H. W. Slocum, | - | - | - | - | - | \$300 |
| John White, | - | - | - | - | - | 150 |
| R. Raynor, | - | - | - | - | - | 150 |
| D. S. Smith, | - | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| L. H. & F. Hiscock, | - | - | - | - | - | 150 |
| J. G. Greenway, | - | - | - | - | - | 300 |
| Joseph F. Sabine, | - | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| W. Winton, | - | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| Kenyon & Potter, | - | - | - | - | - | 200 |
| H. Riegel, | - | - | - | - | - | 50 |
| D. McDougall, | - | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| L. W. Hall, | - | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| John J. Crouse, | - | - | - | - | - | 200 |
| Jacob Crouse, | - | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| M. H. Church, | - | - | - | - | - | 100 |

On the day following, a meeting of the Trustees was held at the office of E. W. Leavenworth, and the following named officers chosen :—

E. W. LEAVENWORTH, *President.*

A. C. POWELL, *Vice-President.*

HAMILTON WHITE, *Treasurer.*

ALLEN MUNROE, *Secretary.*

“Thus, at length,” in the language of Mr. Leavenworth, who is virtually the father of the Cemetery, “after nearly ten years of delays, and difficulties, and disappointments : after the project had been more than once abandoned, and hopes all but extinguished, this lovely spot of ground was secured for the final repose of our dear ones ; to be visited, admired, and hallowed in our memories while we live, by a thousand sacred and tender recollections, and to be the beautiful resting-place for our bodies when summoned to our final homes.”

The first purchase included the twenty acres in front,

for which \$9,500 was paid to Mr. C. H. Baker, and 72 79-100 acres, for which \$15000 was paid to Mr. Raynor. Since that time, the Association has effected the purchase on the south, before mentioned, of thirty acres. The Cemetery, therefore, at present includes about 122 acres.

From the date of the first discussion of the subject, until the first purchase was made, the enterprise encountered more or less of the difficulties common to undertakings prosecuted for the public good, and in this case the labor was still more arduous, as there was lacking that most important stimulant—private emolument. Oakwood Cemetery is to-day, and ever will be, in the fullest sense a public institution, founded for the public welfare, and is wholly unconnected with any purpose whatever of profit or gain to any one. The statute under which the Association is organized, provides that the proceeds of all sales of lots shall be applied to the purchase, preservation, improvement and embellishment of the Cemetery, and to the incidental expenses thereof, and to no other purpose whatever. Under this provision, a *fund* will be created, the interest of which will be adequate, after all the lots shall have been disposed of, to insure the perpetual care of the grounds and improvements, whether belonging to lot owners, or to the Association.

It need hardly be said that the sales of lots in Oakwood, up to the present time, have been extensive, and the financial prospects of the Association are highly encouraging.

Early in October, following the purchase of the grounds, Mr. Howard Daniels, of New York, an accomplished

landscape gardener, with the aid of fifty or sixty men, commenced the work of improving the grounds, and continued it with energy until December. This work of improvement has been steadily carried on, both by the Association and by individuals during the past twelve years, until now the brightest dreams of the instigators of the enterprise are realized in our beautiful "City of the Dead."

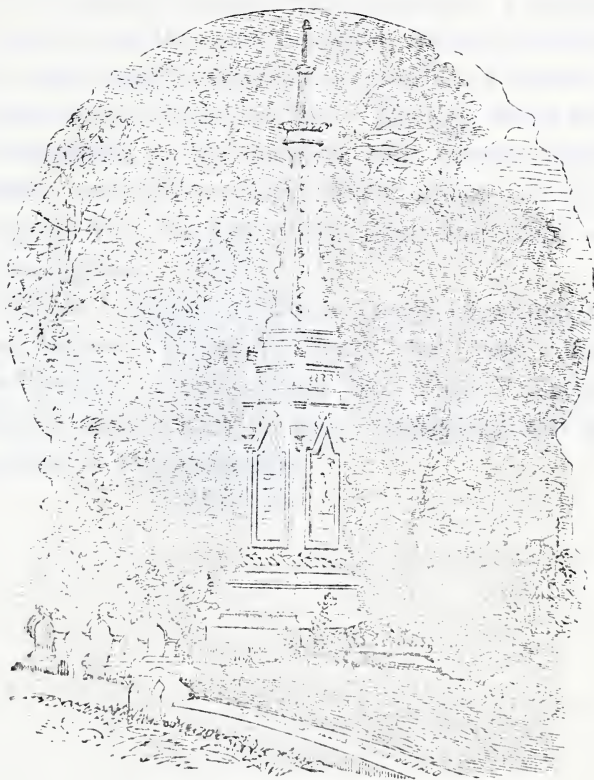
On the first day of November, 1859, the first public sale of lots took place, and from that day until the first of February following, more than \$7,000 worth of lots were taken, while but a small part of the subscribers had made their selections.

The first person buried in Oakwood was Mrs. Nellie G. Williamson, who died on the sixth and was buried on the eighth day of November, 1859.

The first monument erected within the Cemetery, was that of James Crouse, Esq., on Section 13. It was put up during the Winter of 1859-60. This is one of the finest works of art in the enclosure—an elaborate design elegantly carved in marble; it rears its lofty, slender spire heavenward, surely foreshadowing the beauties of its future companions. It is reached by a broad flight of stone steps and a walk through a verdant slope, surrounded by a low coping of cut stone.

* * * * *

On Thursday, November 3d, 1859, the Cemetery was honorably consecrated, with appropriate Dedication Ceremonies, to its present sacred purpose.



CROUSE.

The occasion was a deeply interesting one to the people of Syracuse, and thousands testified their appreciation of its importance by their attendance. There appeared to be an all-pervading sense of gratitude towards the earnest workers for the object that day formally attained; a feeling of relief and joy that the most beautiful, the most eligible spot in the whole county, had been secured for a Cemetery, before it had become forever too late. The day, which was wet and threatening in the morning, later became bright and beautiful, one of the queens of the season,—a type of the progress from the first, of the great work then so nearly accomplished.

Hon. William J. Bacon, of Utica, kindly consented to deliver the address; Alfred B. Street, the Poem; and Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston, and Mrs. Thos. T. Davis, of Syracuse, to furnish each an Ode. Following will be found a portion of the ceremonies.



DEDICATION CEREMONIES.





The procession was formed about 11 o'clock A. M., on Salina Street, in front of the Syracuse House, under the direction of Gen. Robert M. Richardson, and immediately took up the line of march for Oakwood. A spacious platform had been erected for the occasion, for the accommodation of the orators, poet, clergy, trustees, and other gentlemen, in that lovely spot which received its name from that day's ceremonies—Dedication Valley, directly north of the west end of Section 13. Seats were built upon the sloping hill-side, directly north of the platform.

After appropriate music, the following prayer was offered by Rev. M. E. Strieby :—

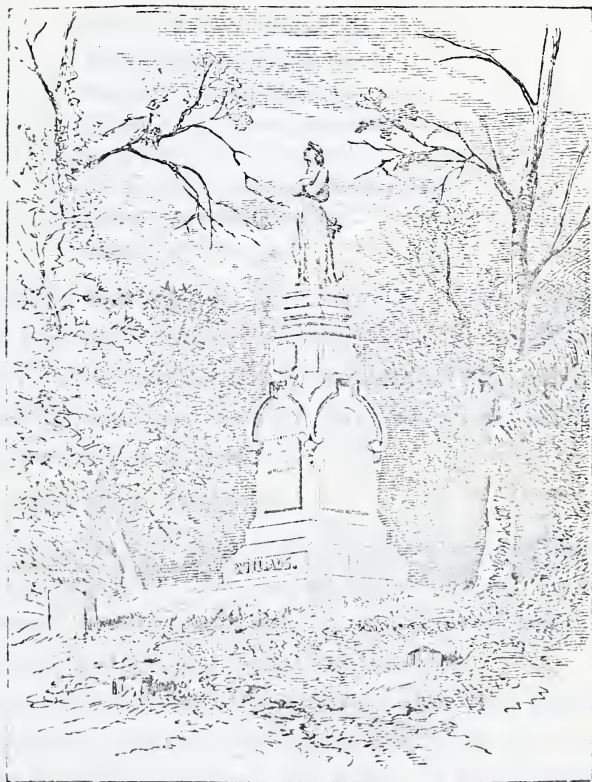
“Almighty God, thou author of our existence, and in whose hands is the breath of our lives, we come together this morning, to dedicate and to consecrate these grounds to a sacred purpose. The natures which thou hast implanted within us, prompt us to a kind care and suitable

burial of the bodies of our departed friends, and Thy Holy Word sanctifies and sanctions these desires ; for Thou didst approve the anointing which Mary gave for Thy burial, and the embalming and interment which sorrowing friends gave to Thy body. So in this consecrated spot, we can bring our friends from time to time, to lay them here, and at length we shall all be borne to the earth in this holy sepulchre, or some other resting place of the dead. Grant that in the dedication we make of this consecrated ground, we may be accepted ; and finally, when the trumpet of the Archangel shall sound, and this ground shall give up its dead, and all the earth shall open up her receptacles, do Thou then grant, Heavenly Father, to take us to that resting place where there shall be no more sorrow, no more tears, and no more death ; and to the Eternal God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, shall be the praise and the glory forevermore—*Amen.*

Rev. Mr. Fillmore was here introduced and read the following beautiful hymn, written for the occasion by Mrs. Thomas T. Davis of Syracuse :—

Life and love, with tender hand,
Guard and deck this Silent Land ;
Cypress arch and willow wreath
Shade the sacred sod beneath :
Sun and starlight gild the shrine,
Flow'ry chaplets fondly twine ;
Angel hosts your vigils keep,
Where our loved and lost shall sleep.

Loved, not lost ! No fear nor gloom
Shrouds the portal of the tomb ;
Death revealed immortal day



WILLIAMS.

When the rock was rolled away.
Grave, and crypt, and pallid stone,
Mark not the realm of death alone;
Life but sleeps, while Death survives,—
Death shall die, and Life arise.

Shed not then the frenzied tear :
Robe in light the pall, the bier ;
Yonder see the shining shore,
Where our loved have gone before ;
Rear the marble o'er the dead,
Crown with flowers the dreamless head ;
Calmly wait till Life shall be
Blended with eternity.

This hymn was sung by the members of the Syracuse Musical Institute, under the leadership of H. N. White.

Hon. E. W. Leavenworth, President of the Cemetery Association, then came forward and delivered the introductory address, as follows :—

Ladies and Fellow Citizens :—

We are assembled here this day upon an occasion of absorbing interest. Our long-cherished hopes, so often overclouded, so often deferred, are this day realized. Our highest anticipations are more than fulfilled.

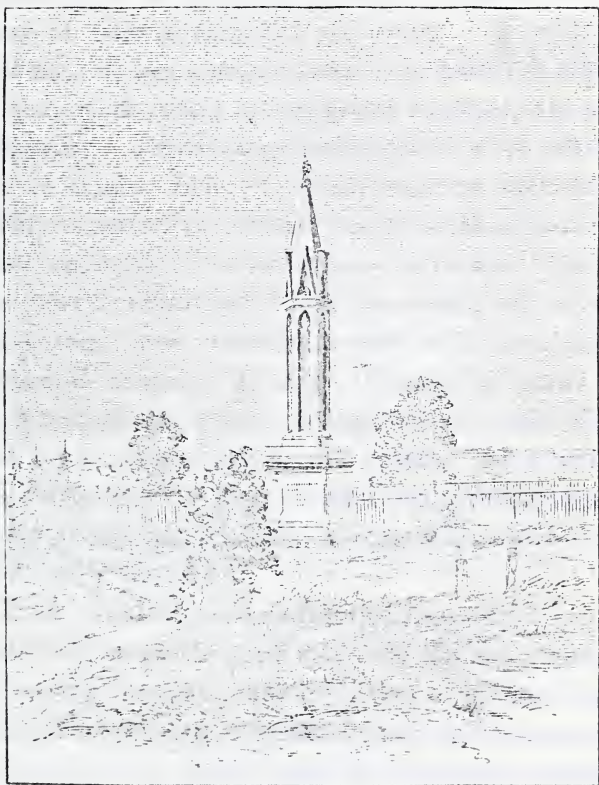
We are convened here this morning that with appropriate ceremonies, and with becoming solemnity, we may set apart the loveliest spot upon the banks of the Onondaga, as the final resting place of our beloved and honored dead. We have come together to consecrate for *ourselves*, a dwelling for these mortal bodies, when the labors and cares, and trials of life are over, and the spirit has ascended to God who gave it.

How long, with anxious eyes, has this day been looked for! Through how many years of hope, and doubt, and fear; of efforts and disappointments, have we struggled on, that at length we might enter upon this promised land! But hope is now fruition, and this occasion is the evidence of our full success.

An ample, permanent and attractive resting-place for our dead, seems to be the last great necessity of our city. Water and gas, railroads and canals, a salubrious climate, a fertile soil, prosperous agriculture, commerce and manufactures, have supplied the great wants of our town, filled our laps with plenty, and made our homes the abodes of happiness and peace. But while laboring so diligently and successfully for the wants of the living, we had forgotten what was due to the dying and the dead. No adequate, suitable, or permanent provision had been made for their repose.

All our present cemeteries are inadequate in their dimensions, entirely unsuitable in their location and the character of their soils, and it is perhaps not too much to say, that when the friends of those who now rest in them have passed away, they must yield to the onward and irresistible progress of population and improvement. The fate of those similarly situated in other cities, and even in our own, warn us of the inevitable result.

But fortunately, our long delay has not, in this instance, proved our ruin. Fortunately, almost providentially, we have been able to secure the spot of ground which nature seems to have intended for the purpose to which we now dedicate it. Although but a mile and a half from the



BARKER.

centre of our city, looking down from each successive elevation upon the town, the lake and the lovely valley of the Onondaga, happily the hand of improvement, till now, had never reached it. A variety of circumstances had preserved it in all the loveliness of nature, for the final home of many generations yet unborn. 1753446

Within its one hundred acres is embraced a combination of attractions which, if anywhere equalled, are no where surpassed. Placed most fortunately, not too near the city, nor too remote from it, mostly covered with young and thrifty woods of the second growth, so abundant as to allow great opportunity for selection—its surface diversified by the most beautiful and varied elevations and depressions, presenting views unrivaled in their extent and their magnificence—rendered already attractive by lawns, and the most picturesque scenery, it is all that the highest judgment and taste can demand, or the liveliest fancy paint. And the careful hand of improvement will, each successive year, develope and heighten the charms with which nature has so liberally adorned it.

Each loved form, committed by pious hands to its sacred dust, will invest its quiet vales and hill-sides with a yearly increasing interest, until each one of us shall have some tender tie to lead us often hither, and until we ourselves, now in the vigor of health, shall be permitted, beneath these lovely shades, to return to our kindred dust.

From this day these grounds will be annually improved by graded and graveled walks and avenues—by smiling lawns and quiet winding paths beneath the shadows of the towering oaks—enriched and adorned by sculptured mar-

bles, and the various testimonials which wealth and affection will yearly consecrate to virtue and loveliness—hallowed more and more as years speed on in their tireless course, by the holiest feelings of the soul, by memories and emotions which find a home in every human heart. Soon the mortal remains of thousands among us, who are now walking our streets, arrayed in the beauty of health, shall slumber beneath her holy, quiet breast. Increasing thousands will annually seek the silence of this holy ground. Hither the busy, struggling world will often come to enjoy, for a time, the balmy breath of Heaven—to commune with nature in her loveliest forms, and in these secluded retreats to forget for an hour the toils and cares of life. Hither the stranger will direct his course, to mark the evidence and the standard of our civilization. Hither age, with tottering steps, will sometimes come to view the spot where he must shortly lie. Here, too, at evening's silent hour—wrapped in sable weeds—quiet and alone, the widow, the mother—the desolate and bereaved of every name—will wend their way with slow and solemn tread and saddened hearts, to drop another tear over the graves of those they loved.

From whatever point of view we regard this enterprise, we are compelled to contemplate it as one of surpassing interest and importance to the citizens of Syracuse, and well may we who are here assembled this day, congratulate ourselves, if in any human degree, even, we have contributed to the accomplishment of an object so desirable to the living, so respectful to the dead.

The first serious efforts for the establishment of a Rural Cemetery in this city, were made in the years 1852-3.

Several meetings were held and were well attended. Committees were appointed to view the adjacent country and find suitable grounds. After a very thorough examination, those committees reported, and it was generally, if not unanimously, conceded, that the grounds we now occupy were the most desirable in the vicinity of the city. But after reaching this point, the enterprise was permitted to sleep; mainly, I think, for the reason that no one was willing to put himself at the head of the effort necessary to accomplish the result.

It was again revived in 1857, with renewed zeal. The price of the land was agreed upon, all the necessary papers were drawn preparatory to a final organization, when the great financial revulsion of that year arrested the enterprise.

Fifteen months since, in the summer of 1858, a few of the gentlemen who had heretofore interested themselves in this matter, again met and resolved to renew the effort. Numberless difficulties seemed to surround them. Several months were consumed before we obtained a satisfactory offer for the sale of the lands.

The plank road passing through the grounds, was considered, and very properly, an insuperable objection, and one which must be removed before the purchase was consummated. Much delay and some difficulty was experienced in procuring the consent of the stockholders and directors of said road; in obtaining the sanction of such removal, from the town officers of the town of Onondaga; in procuring the new right of way which this removal made necessary, and more than all, in raising the \$25,000 which was required to make the purchase. But patience and

perseverance met with their accustomed reward. The enterprise was regarded with favor and liberally treated by the bulk of our citizens, and I am happy here, in this public manner, to acknowledge our obligations to the stockholders and directors of the Jamesville plank road company, and to the Supervisor and Commissioners of the town of Onondaga, as well as to many other gentlemen, who fully appreciated the value of the object which we had in view, and contributed to its accomplishment.

Fifteen months have seen every obstacle removed; the association organized, the lands purchased, and the work of improvement moving rapidly forward, under the direction of Mr. Howard Daniels, of New York city, a landscape gardener, whose large experience and cultivated taste will develop all its beauties, and render Oakwood the pride and pleasure of every citizen of Syracuse.

At the conclusion of Mayor Leavenworth's address, Alfred B. Street, Esq., of Albany, pronounced the following exquisitely beautiful and appropriate Poem :—

O'er life's fresh springtide, when the blithesome hours
Dance to glad music through perennial flowers :
O'er bounding youth, when hope points ever on,
No blossom scentless, and no color wan ;
O'er stately manhood, when the mounting tread
Seeks the far prize that stars the crag o'erhead ;
O'er trembling age, when, worn with toil and woe,
It turns from light above to gloom below,—
Darkens a shade, mysterious, cold and black,
Mantling the flowery as the wintry track :
Brooding where joy its diamond goblet quaffs ;
Where daring, loud at every danger laughs ;
Where strength securely rests on future years :



GRANGER.



Randall & Nesdell, Builders.

MYERS.

Where fame, wealth, pleasure, each its votary cheers.
Death is that shade, inexorable Death,
With ever lifted dart at all of mortal breath.

But though the soul that lights the frame depart,
The darkened dust is sacred to the heart.
Around the spot that wraps the dead from sight,
Lingers thought's tenderest, love's divinest light;
Hallowed by suffering, it remains a shrine,
Where oft sad memory wends, its fairest flowers to twine.

The land that trod through deluge-ooze its way,
Gave to the pyramid its mummied clay.
The purple skies of Art and Song inurned
The sacred ashes sacred fires had burned.
The Parsee offered to his God, the sun,
On the grand crag the heart whose course was run.
And the red roamer of the prairie sea,
Yields to the air his wrecked mortality.
But not to pyramid, though mocking Time,
The urn funereal, nor the sun sublime,
Nor boundless air, nor yet the waste of waves,—
That stateliest, mightiest, most august of graves,
But yet in such drear, weltering vastness spread,—
Should Christian hands consign the Christian dead.
But to the earth, the warm, the steadfast earth,
That, touched by God's own finger, gave us birth;
Where, to the resurrecting sun and rain,
The seed but perishes to live again;
Where Nature hides her life in Winter's gloom,
For warbling Spring to sing it into bloom;
Home of the tree that sheds its leafy showers
For the new garland wreathed by vernal hours!
Home of the priceless fount! the matchless gem!
The precious gold! more precious grainy stem!
Yea, as we woke to life upon her breast,
Her loving arms should fold our last and longest rest.

And thus, oh lovely Oakwood, shalt thou spread
Thy sylvan chambers, for the slumbering dead.
Through thy green landscapes shall Affection stray,
Weep the wild tear, with softened sadness pray.
Within the glen, as murmurings fill the tree,
A voice shall seem to whisper "Come with me!"
And the green hill top—whence the sight is fraught;
With the rich painting Nature's hand hath wrought;
Woodland and slope, mount, meadow and ravine,
The city's white, the water's purple sheen,
And the dim mountain tops, until the gaze
Pierces where distance hangs its tender haze—
Tell that the soul, with onward pointed eye,
Finds its far limit only in the sky.
The grassy dingle and the leafy dell
Shall tremble sadly to the tolling bell;
Where now wide solitude wraps slope and glade
For winds to pipe to dancing sun and shade,
Shall carved memorials of the dead be found
Breathing their solemn eloquence around.
Here, shall the son, in some prone trunk, descry
The sire he saw in life's completeness die;
Here shall the sire, in some green pine, survey
The stately son, ere death had claimed its prey;
Here, in the flower, the mother again shall see
The laughing child that perished at her knee;
Here, the wierd wind shall with long, melting moan,
Mingle its sadness with the mourner's own,
And the drear cloud, low brooding, seem a part
Of the dark sorrow hanging on his heart;
Here, too, the joyful splendor of the sun
Shall tell the life the loved and lost hath won;
And warblings sweet, the landscape's ear that fill,
Of those glad strains the sounding heavens that thrill.
Summer shall here hold green and leafy time,
Emblem of those that perished in their prime.



REDFIELD.

Autumn shall shower its wreaths upon the air,
Sign to the living also to prepare ;
Winter shall spread in fierce and frowning might,
Great type of death, its chilling robes of white ;
But, oh, glad thought ! in Spring's triumphant reign,
Nature shall bound in radiant joy again ;
Bid with her rapturous life Death's horrors flee,
Type of that glorious truth—MAN'S IMMORTALITY.

Music followed the delivery of the foregoing poem, after which Hon. Wm. J. Bacon, of Utica, was introduced, and delivered the dedicatory oration. It was an elaborate address, and nothing but its length prevents its publication here.

The following Ode, written for the occasion by Rev. John Pierpont, was then read by Rev. W. W. Newell, D. D., and sung in the grand strains of Old Hundred, by the Syracuse Musical Institute :—

These temples, now erect and strong,
Wherein thy spirit, Lord of all,
Dwelleth and giveth life, ere long
Will totter, and in ruins fall.

By pious hands, beneath the shade
Of these old trees, those ruins must,
With tears, be reverently laid,
To mingle slowly dust with dust.

Sacred from this day be these grounds !
Here be a quiet Sabbath kept,
While the years walk their silent rounds ;
Here let our own long sleep be slept.

But, Lord, the grave, the body's bed,
Made here, is not the Spirit's prison :
We hear the angel's voice, that said,
"He is not here ; your friend is risen."

May we, O, Father, be so blest,
That when from earth the spirit springs,
It may mount up to thee, and rest
Beneath the covert of thy wings.

The ceremonies now over, Rev. Joseph M. Clark, of St. James Episcopal Church, pronounced the benediction, when the procession reformed, and returned to the city.

Thus ended the public ceremonies immediately connected with an enterprise, whose influence upon the whole future of Syracuse could have been, at that time, scarcely comprehended by the majority of those interested. To-day, less than fifteen years since the foregoing ceremonies were held, the growth and prosperity of the association partially demonstrate its necessity. No public institution in Syracuse is a subject of such pride and congratulation, as Oakwood. That it will ever remain so, there is not a doubt.



-all THE TOUR. m

51 + 52

MIDLAND AVENUE.





Come up fair Oakwood's shady aisles,
O'er which the Summer morning smiles.
Above, the whispering oak tree weaves
A living, trembling veil of leaves,
Through which the shattered sunbeams pass,
The fragments falling in the grass.
Above, the bird of golden breast,
Has piped the sweetest reveille ;
Has plucked and plumed his golden breast,
And from his swaying hammock nest,
Sends forth his greeting to the day.

If the indulgent reader will step with us, on a beautiful summer afternoon, inside the western gate to this queen of Cemeteries, and stroll with us up Midland Avenue, we will endeavor to point out some of the more prominent beauties and attractions of this unrivaled retreat.

This broad, clean drive sweeps with a graceful curve to the left from the entrance, and to the right, for perhaps one hundred rods, to the location of the Receiving Vault. This is a plain, though tasteful and substantial work formed mainly by excavation in the hillside that rises southward from the avenue, from which it is distant a few rods. A smooth walk leads to it through the green lawn. The mason-work is of Onondaga limestone.

Nearly parallel to this portion of Midland Avenue, half way up the slope on the left, runs Hillside Avenue, its surroundings plainly visible from below. Here are located the monuments of Culver, Everson, Lee and others, and near these the stately and magnificent memorial erected to the memory of Mather Williams, M. D., rises into view. It is a dream of loveliness wrought in imperishable stone. Chaste and plain in design, it is yet one of the finest monuments in the cemetery. Its top is crowned by a graceful life-size statue of Hope, of the most elaborate workmanship. The design and execution of this beautiful work of art, reflects the utmost credit upon the builder, Mr. James Sharkey, of Brooklyn.

Close by we notice the unpretending shaft, which fitly marks the resting-place of Stephen Smith and his wife, names well known to our older citizens.

From the Receiving Vault eastward, the windings of Midland Avenue through the valley, which grows deeper



BAUM.

and deeper, as the land upon either side rises higher and higher, is almost over-arched by the luxuriant foliage of the thrifty oaks, making its cool depths in mid-summer, too inviting to resist.

“ Here, as in the solitude and shade we wander
Through the green aisles, and o’er the velvet sod,
Awed by the silence reverent we ponder
The ways of God.

Just beyond the Receiving Vault, Central Avenue, and a little farther east, Winding Avenue branch off to the left, and climb by graceful curves, the green hillside; while away toward the eastern boundary, Crescent Avenue reaches away up the sharp ascent to the left.

On a lofty, green eminence which slopes down to Midland Avenue, between Winding and Crescent Avenues, stands that unrivaled structure, the mausoleum of John A. Green. No description can do it justice. It was erected by Messrs. Randall & Neddell, from designs by H. N. White, at a cost of over \$25,000, and is an honor equally to the owner, the builders, and the cemetery.

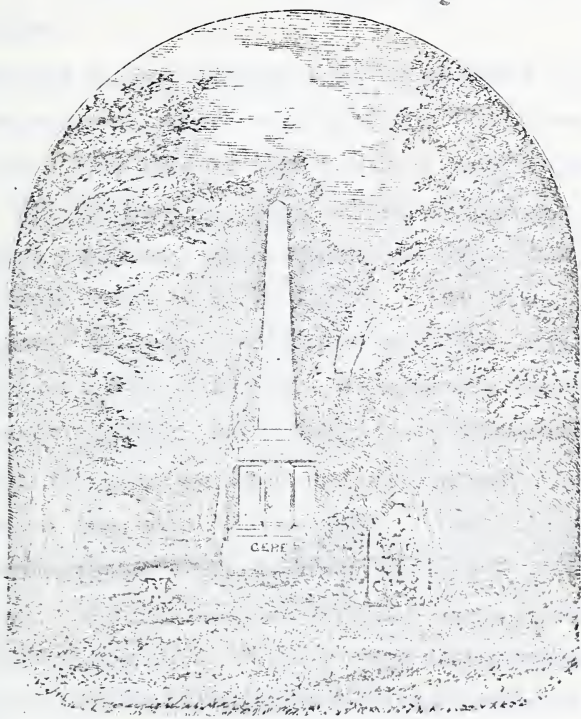
Beyond Crescent Avenue eastward, improvements are yet in their infancy; therefore, we leisurely follow up its bend, and at almost every step obtain a new view of the beautiful burial place. To the rear of this, we by a short walk, passing the prominent monuments of Clark, Miles, and others, reach Winding Avenue at its junction with Linden. On our left rises the imposing monument of the Baum family. Our artist has given us a beautiful illustration of this chaste and elegant work. It is executed in granite,

and its artistic proportions and imposing aspect are evidences of the skill and good taste of the builder. It is from the works of James Sharkey, Brooklyn. Near by is seen the tasteful marble memorial of Jefferson Freeman, and directly opposite, the monuments of Telft and Sherwood. A little farther up the hill stands a square, substantial and elegant work of art, erected to the memory of Sarah Collins; and to the left of this, heavenward points the stately obelisk of Loomis and Ostrander.

Returning by Linden Avenue to its junction with Dale Avenue, the monuments of Noxon, Vandenburg, Merri- man and others, on our left, and on our right that of Samuel Larned, and an imposing shaft of the beautiful Scotch granite, inscribed with the name of Waggoner, are seen.

A few rods northward, Linden Avenue enters Oakland Avenue, up which we turn eastward, on our way noticing monuments, more or less prominent, of John Hayden and family, Capt. William J. Hunt, William Sharpe, William Malcolm, Ostrom, Sweet, Truair and Spaulding on the left; and those of C. B. Loveless, Miles W. Bennett, A. R. Timby and others on the right.

On the sloping corner formed in the angle of Landscape and Oakland Avenues, stands an elegant arch, surmounted by a marble statue of Hope, erected to the memory of Charles Keene. Near this, on the right, is the imposing monument of George B. Parker.



GERE.

Farther up Oakland Avenue, and within a little distance of the hill-top, Highland Avenue branches to the right, upon which are located the prominent monuments of Jacob Amos, A. Jackson, Horace P. Eno, and others less worthy of notice.

Oakland Avenue stretches away up eastward to the top of the eminence, where we find Lake View Avenue on our left. Into this we turn, and in a moment more are near the northern boundary of the Cemetery, upon a rounded eminence, where stands the chaste and stately hexagonal tower of J. W. Barker. The design of this monument is unique, its location unrivaled, making it a prominent feature of beauty. An admirable engraving of it and surroundings, will be found in its appropriate place.

From this point we obtain one of the grandest landscape views we may hope ever to enjoy. Afar below lies the busy city, almost every building of which is visible, and beyond, in the dim haze, the blue lake sleeps in the lap of the surrounding hills. Here we will rest a moment, and enjoy the perfumed breeze that always hurries by, or lingers along this eminence.

Near by stands the rough, yet appropriate monument to perpetuate the memory of two brave soldiers, E. Kirby Smith and J. S. Kirby Smith, father and son, who fell in the service of their country, one at Molino del Rey, Mexico, and the other at Corinth, Mississippi.

"How calm they sleep beneath the shade,
Who once were weary of the strife."

Returning southward, we reach Woodland Avenue, by which we descend the hill, passing on our left the monuments of Levi Freeman, Henry H. Hoyt, a worthy soldier who fell before Petersburg, and Horatio Anderson, E. Little and others on the right.

From a point near the junction of Woodland and Central Avenues is obtained one of the finest internal views in the Cemetery. Sitting beneath a grand old oak—the only monument upon a green circle between the streets—facing the West, immediately in front is reared the elaborate form and lofty spire of the mausoleum of the Burton family, a beautiful illustration of which will be found upon another page. It is an imposing structure, in the gothic style of architecture, and was built at the works of Mr. John F. Dee, from designs by Mr. H. N. White.

On a sweeping lawn of unsullied green, at our left, stands the tomb of the Wilkinsons. A better conception of the beauties of this massive and elaborately carved memorial, may be obtained from the engraving on another page, than we can give in words. Directly west of this rises the lofty monument of Robert Gere, its vicinity enlivened and beautified by myriads of blooming flowers and rare shrubbery; also illustrated herein.



BROWER.

Turning to the right upon Central Avenue, we approach the subterranean Vault of Dr. Hoyt. To the north of this we are pleased to notice the lot and memorials of the Colvin family and its branches. Upon this lot, the form of a noble dog is preserved in enduring stone, while another monument attracts especial attention, by its unique design and faultless execution. It is a perfect representation of a huge oak stump, cut in solid marble. Every feature of a decaying tree—broken limbs, fractured bark—all are faithfully portrayed. This lot and its attractions receive perhaps, more attention from visitors, than any other in the Cemetery.

Between this point and the northern boundary of the grounds, the beautiful Edgewood Avenue winds its way. Down this we go, passing the cone-like hillock, upon which is the lot of the Sweet family. It is surrounded by a rustic iron fence, composed of iron arches, each overlapping and securing its neighbor low in the ground.

Far down among the cool shades of the valley to which we are going, bubbles a living spring of water, which will some day be made use of as an additional means of ornamenting the grounds.

From this valley runs northward, Serpentine Avenue, upon which is situated a noble work of art, the mausoleum of the family of Austin Myres, a truthful illustration of which will be found on another page. Upon one of the most prominent mounds, which rises westward from the

valley, stands the magnificent mausoleum of C. T. Longstreet, which is also faithfully depicted herein.

Turning short to the left, at this point, we ascend the hill for a short distance, through the beautiful shades of Maple Avenue. Here we find ourselves in the midst of beauties, natural and artificial. We rest upon the broad steps leading up to the massive oblong monument of Horace and Hamilton White, a truthful and beautiful illustration of which will be found upon another page, and we gaze with admiration towards a twin eminence south of us, whereon is reared the lofty, delicately carved and elaborately designed marble monument to the memory of James Crouse. This is the first monument erected in the Cemetery, and its beauties fully shadowed forth what would eventually be enclosed within its limits. A fine engraving of this elegant structure graces the pages of this work.

We are now in the oldest portion of the Cemetery, and find ourselves surrounded, above and upon all sides, by a wealth of magnificence, in foliage, flower and shrub, interspersed with the kingly trunks of grand old trees, which is sought for in vain in most other cemeteries in the country, where nature has been less prodigal in her gifts than in Oakwood.

Crossing from Maple to Woodland Avenue, by a narrow walk, we reach the flower-strewn grounds of Milton S. Price. A ruined wall, moss-grown and covered with ivy,



John F. Dee, Builder.

LONGSTREET.



GREEN.

has been sculptured by the artist in a faithful manner, and the effect is very pleasing.

Near this point is the lot of E. W. Leavenworth, the chief ornament of which at present, is an old forest monarch, a great limb of which starts straight out from the trunk, a few feet from the ground, and then turns straight upward, thus forming an enviable rustic seat. This quite remarkable tree gives the name to White Oak Avenue, and the red-bud maple upon the same lot, that of Maple Avenue.

Adjoining the Whites' lot on the east, are beautiful grounds, upon the southern slope of which sleep four members of the McDougall family, and near these rises a lofty and elegant granite monument inscribed with the name of Rust.

Turning southward, we reach White Oak Avenue at its junction with Oakland. High up on its southern bank is the beautiful lot of W. H. Alexander. As we go downward through White Oak Avenue, we pass the marble monument of Charles Pope. This, though not large, is one of the most tasteful and elegant designs we have seen. Up the hill in rear of this is a creditable stone inscribed with the name of Beardslee.

Through White Oak Avenue we reach Dedication Valley, one of those spots of unrivaled natural beauty, so many of which go to make up the grandeur of Oakwood. Here

reigns a Sabbath-like quiet, unbroken save by the song of birds, making it a favorite haunt of visitors.

Upon the sharp slope to the southeast stand the monuments of L. W. Comstock and G. H. Peck. We climb the hill to the westward, passing the characteristic memorial erected by Lewis H. Redfield. The following is the inscription :—

LEWIS H. REDFIELD,

PRINTER.

A worn and battered form,

Gone to be re-cast

More beautiful and perfect.

Above the inscription, is sculptured a fine medallion portrait of Mr. Redfield.

West of this, and nearer Pine Ridge Avenue, stands a lofty granite monument, inscribed on opposite sides with the names of Hall and Clark—(L. W. Hall and William Clark.) The design of this monument is chaste and elegant, and the workmanship perfect. It is another evidence of the superior facilities possessed by Mr. James Sharkey, of Brooklyn, for the manufacture of Cemetery work.

We have now reached the top of this long knoll, the western slope of which reaches the boundary of the Cemetery, and along whose summit, from south to north sweeps the broad, clean surface of Pine Ridge Avenue. Standing midway in this street, the eye takes in a magnificent



BURTON.



SMITH—RUST.

view. The more prominent monuments of Thurber, Thurwachter, Avery, Bertram, Bates, Leslie, Bradley, Manning, and others, cluster around us, thickly interspersed with smaller ones. And here, near by, is the vault of Dr. Shipman—the smallest one in the Cemetery, though one of exquisite beauty, and artistic proportions.

Farther north, its arched sides cut clean against the green background, stands that superb structure, the tomb of Gen. Sumner.

“Soldier, rest ! Thy warfare o’er;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;
Dream of battle fields no more,—
Days of danger, nights of waking.”

The artist has given us an accurate illustration of this work.

Away upon the northern boundary of the grounds, sweeps sunset Avenue, near which rise the grand and imposing monuments of J. R. Lawrence, and Grove Lawrence. Near these are the smaller marble shafts of Johnson Hall and Loren B. Hart.

From Pine Ridge the green lawn reaching down to Border Avenue, is thickly dotted with the straight sentinels of the dead. Prominent among them are those inscribed with the names of Loguen, Spaulding, Cleave-land, Shuler, Ayling, Hubbard, Cole, Lewis, Bonner, Hopper, King, Thomas, Bedford, Pratt, and many others.

Retracing our steps along Pine Ridge Avenue, we pass the monuments of Garrison, Blaisdell, Leeret, Austin, Hair, Root, and others more or less meritorious for size and beauty. To our right from this point, on the westward-falling slope, is the sarcophagus of Dr. Gregory.

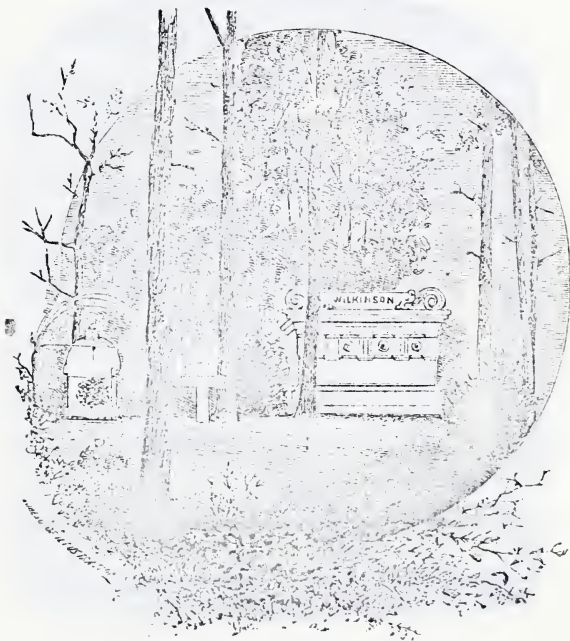
Now, as we approach the gateway, we stop to catch a glimpse of the lovely sunset, always so beautiful when witnessed from here. How often have we lingered here, while—

“ Along the west the golden bars
Still to a deeper glory grew ;
Above our heads the faint, few stars
Looked out from the unfathomed blue ;
And the fair city's clamorous jars
Seemed melted in the evening hue.”

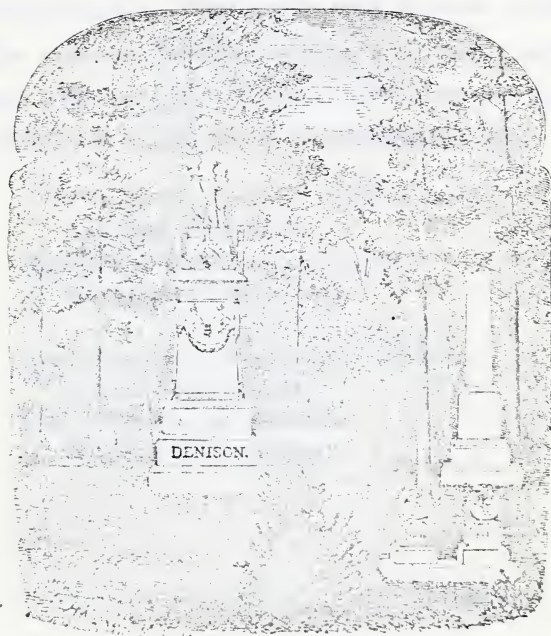
Near by us rise the grand, imposing arches of the canopied tomb of Gen. A. P. Granger. Its variegated colors and magnificent dimensions, make it the finest work of its character in the Cemetery. It forms the subject of a beautiful engraving upon another page.

And here the pleased eye rests, also, upon that marvel of artistic loveliness, wrought in spotless marble, and reared to perpetuate the memory of the children of H. D. Denison. It is illustrated herein, and is another gem from the hands of Mr. James Sharkey.

With these many beauties lingering upon our memories, we saunter towards the gate, where we are cordially greet-



WILKINSON.



DENISON.

ed by Mr. George Gardner ; and we realize more and more what a blessing it is to have *such* a spot as a resting place for our loved ones. A place to which we will gladly turn for rest and quiet meditation ; a green and flower-laden sleeping-place 'twixt earth and heaven, where we may make ourselves familiar with such pleasant scenes in association with the grim tyrant, Death, that we shall no longer shudder at his approach, but remember that—

“ We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
Amid these earthly damps ;
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death ! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.”





THERE is a spot far in the green, still wood,
 Where Nature reigns in solitude alone ;
 Where the tall trees for countless years have stood,
 And flowers have bloomed and faded all unknown ;
 Where fearless birds soar through the morning skies,
 And fill the air with varied melodies,
 While o'er the water's breast dark shadows brood,
 Flung by the clustering boughs,—a glorious solitude.

The dead are with us—where green branches wave,
 And where the pine boughs cast a deeper gloom ;
 Yonder a rose-tree marks an early grave,
 And there, proud manhood sleeps beneath the tomb.
 The young, high heart, with vague, bright yearnings filled,
 Too pure for earth, yet, haply, now fulfilled,
 Lies mute, perchance, by his who knew not rest
 Until the damp sod pressed his aching breast.

And doth it not seem meet
That here earth's weary pilgrims should repose,
Far from the hurrying tread of eager feet,
Where the last sunbeam at the daylight's close,
Quivers like golden harp-strings 'mid the trees,
While with a spirit's touch the evening's breeze
Wakens a requiem for the sleepers there,
And nature's every breath seems fraught with prayer?

And when the twilight, in her robe of grey,
Flings o'er the earth a veil of mystic light;
While as the glow of even melts away,
The stars above grow more intensely bright;
Even as the promise that our God has given,
As fade our hopes on earth, so grow they bright in heaven.
Might we not deem them holy spirit eyes,
Their vigil keeping in the quiet skies.

Oh! noiseless city of the mighty dead!
Lonely and mute, yet are thine annals fraught
With solemn teachings, and thy broad page spread
With the rich love of soul-illuminating thought,
And when the wanderer on the further shore
Shall seek its hidden mysteries to explore,
Thy hallowed shades, with spirit voices rife,
May lead him onward to the gates of life.



WHITE.



LEAVENWORTH.

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